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WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1919.

## The Fruits of Bolshevism—Suppression of Free Speech.

Every individual bit of real information regarding what is going on in Russia shows that Bolshevism has resulted in less freedom, instead of more freedom, except for the Bolshevik leaders and their mercenary army.

In view of the cry of the Bolsheviks in America for "free speech," the situation in Russia is all the more startling. In "A Letter to American Workingmen" by Lenin, published in the Liberator of January, 1919, Lenin makes the following statements:

While the old bourgeois and democratic constitutions, for instance, proclaimed formal equality and the right of free assembly, the constitution of the Soviet repudiates the hypocrisy of a formal equality of all human beings. . . . Since we here are concerned with the task of overthrowing the bourgeoisie, only fools or traitors will insist on the formal equality of the bourgeoisie. . . . Our Soviets have taken over all the usable buildings in the cities and towns out of the hands of the rich and have placed them at the disposal of the workmen and peasants for meeting and organization purposes.

In an article in the Bolshevik organ, Pravda, republished in the Liberator of September and October, 1918, Lenin said:

The nearer we get to complete military suppression of the bourgeoisie the more dangerous become for us the petty bourgeois anarchic inclinations. And these inclinations cannot be combated except by propaganda and agitation, by the organization of emulation, by the selection of organizers; they must be combated by compulsion.

The following decree, issued by Zinoviev and published in the Bolshevik organ, the Northern Commune, of September 13, 1918, shows the conditions under which meetings may be held:

1. All societies, unions and associations—political, economic, artistic, religious, etc.—formed on the territory of the Union of the Commune of the Northern Region must be registered at the corresponding Soviets or committees of the village poor.

2. The constitution of the union or society, a list of founders and members of the committee, with names and addresses, and a list of all members, with their names and addresses, must be submitted at registration.

3. All books, minutes, etc., must always be kept at the disposal of representatives of the Soviet power for purposes of revision.

4. The days' notice must be given to the Soviet, or to the committee of the village poor, of all public and private meetings.

All meetings must be open to the representatives of the Soviet power, viz.: the representatives of the Central and District Soviet, the committee of the poor and the commandant of the revolutionary police force.

6. Unions and societies which do not comply with those regulations will be regarded as counter-revolutionary organizations and prosecuted.

Reading this decree in connection with the declaration of Lenin, it is easy to see why there are no public meetings of protest against the Bolshevik rule. This decree reminds those who knew Russia in the past of the suppression of free speech under the Czar.

Light is shed upon the results of this decree by a quotation from Pravda of August 6, 1918 (Pravda, according to Max Eastman of the Liberator, is the "Bolshevik organ.") A passage reads:

Kazan, August 4.—The Provisional Congress of the Soviets of the peasants has been dissolved because of the absence from it of poor peasants AND BECAUSE ITS STATE OF MIND IS OBVIOUSLY COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY.

If a Soviet Congress is dissolved because it does not agree with the Bolshevik rulers, what chance would an ordinary meeting stand? Evidently "freedom of speech" in Russia means freedom to praise Lenin and his associates.

## The First Instead of Last.

A Western State, that has more than a million population, recently jubilated over the fact that during the year its savings accounts had increased \$10,000,000.

Which meant that during a year of prosperity, during a time when the worker received more than double his usual wage, the average family had increased its savings account about \$70.

But, during the same time the average family spent \$10 for three tires and gasoline and repairs for every one it put in a savings account.

This is no criticism of the sensible spirit of the American worker that believes in enjoying life, and giving his family some of the luxuries.

But we submit that the savings account, the fund for old age, for emergencies, for sickness, for the education of the children, should be of first consequence instead of last.

There are people who have sense, and then there are people who think Germany will not re-establish her spy system.

The present opinion is that war is a crime against God and man, but that much glory may be got in the practice of it.

The man who talks about how much he gives isn't much more annoying than the one who talks about how little he eats.

Senators would have us avoid entangling alliances, but what is the sense in avoiding a thing after one is broken out with it.

No man knows that the league will be a success, but every man who made the acquaintance of cooties will be glad to give it a trial.

And the hero who led his troop through barb-wire entanglements is now leaning across the counter and asking: "Did you say three yards, ma'am?"

It is a safe bet that the critics who think Wilson is paying too much attention to Labor are earning their bread in the sweat of another man's brow.

## MEN.

The snappy men, the happy men, who heard the bugle call—Who reckoned not the reason—who gave their lives and all.

The swinging men, the singing men—the cadence of the road—The joyful song of conquest, lending lightness to the load.

The landing men, the standing men—the hours in the rain—The endless, anxious waiting for the transport or the train.

The striving men, the driving men, who put the business through—Relentless in their purpose, which was but to die or do.

The leaping men, the creeping men, the stealthy, stern patrol—The star-shell in the darkness striking fear into the soul.

The flying men, the dying men, upon the battlefield—The craven and the hero in the light of day revealed.

The broken men, soft-spoken men, who felt the cannon's breath—Who trod the Vale of Sacrifice and touched the hand of Death.

The graver men, the braver men, back in our arms once more, Bring brighter revelations than we ever knew before.

—William V. Stephens, Eleventh Engineers, U. S. A., in the New York Times.



(Special correspondent of The Washington Herald.)

New York, July 1—

I have a friend.

Who thinks everybody.

In America knows me.

And when I'm with him.

He will introduce me.

To some of his friends.

And say: "This is McIntyre."

"You know—writes for the papers."

And being truthful.

They will always say.

They never heard of me.

And I will shift.

Around on one foot.

And then on the other.

But the other day.

When I was with him.

I got a real jolt.

He introduced me.

In the same old way.

And the fellow said:

"Sure I know McIntyre."

"He is the fellow."

"That Albert Payson Terhune."

"Named a dog after."

And it seems.

That this collie dog.

Which bears my name.

Has won all the prizes.

At the big dog shows.

And is registered.

At the American Kennel Club.

Under my name.

And now everybody.

From coast to coast.

Knows the dog.

With my name.

And I'm getting famous.

And everything.

After all.

There are only a few.

Of us famous guys.

With dog press agents.

But there is one fellow.

Whose disposition.

I would hate to own.

He is that jealous.

He wrote to Mr. Terhune.

And said for Heaven's sake.

Not to let McIntyre.

Substitute for the dog.

At any of the dog shows.

That I only had.

One tonil.

Was pie footed.

Knee sprung.

And full of adenoids.

## "SCHOOL DAYS"



The plumber

## BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING NEWS

A farewell luncheon was tendered Mrs. Catherine Barrack, of the bindery division, who is leaving for Colonial Beach, Va. Those who enjoyed the repast were Mrs. Catherine Barrack, Mrs. Catherine Scherrer, Mrs. Amelia Flynn, Mrs. Lizzie Jett, Mrs. Blanche Morgan, Mrs. Inez Huston, Miss Rosalie Spainer, and Miss Annie L. Sullivan.

Mrs. Emma Nolan, of the bindery division, has resigned her position.

James O'Leary, a former employee of the machine shop, who has been overseas for nearly two years, has returned to work in the bureau.

Harry Chick, of section 5, vice president of the Plate Printers' Union, presided at a meeting last Sunday when President Clark was absent.

W. Wallace, of the wetting division, is spending a week with relatives in Maryland.

Charles Irvine, of the bindery division, is making a ten-day visit to his family in New York.

The band held its regular rehearsal Monday night in preparation for the Fourth of July parade. The entire outfit will meet at Georgia avenue and New Hampshire avenue northwest, on the Fourth at 6 a. m., and following the parade in Petworth, will catch the 1:10 train at Union Station for Bowie. Another rehearsal is set for Thursday evening.

Fred Hallock, locksmith, accompanied by his family, will spend a couple of weeks touring. He will visit Pittsburgh and Montreal.

Miss Mammie Spangler, of the examining division, is on two weeks' leave.

Miss Sally Pagan, of the wetting division, has been granted leave of absence for a week.

Miss Kate Cannon and Miss Lena Berger, of the examining division, have been granted a week's leave.

Miss N. Pomlin, of the wetting division, is on leave.

The Community Center of Trinity Episcopal Parish, Third and C streets northwest, gave a dance for the convalescent inmates of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, last evening. All men in uniform were invited.

The committee for the evening consisted of the Mesdames Estler, Facer and Hendricks and the Mesdames Simons, Otterback and White. Pastor Covill and his wife were in charge for the evening.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

CHEAR UP! WHEN YOU DIE YOU'LL LEAVE SOMETHING TO THE IMAGINATION

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## A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR

By John Kendrick Bangs.

IN FRANCE.

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Amid dark scenes of desolation dire,

In regions scarred by war, and seared by fire,

I saw the flowers grow, and cover all

With beauty's thrall;

And in a garden fair by rage defiled

I heard the merry laughter of a child.

And glimpsed the light of hope in human eyes

That still were wet with tears of sacrifice;

And felt myself ashamed that woes of mine

Of trifling sort should swerve me from the line

Of patient cheer beneath the lash of care

That soon or late all human hearts must bear.

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